

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

"O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord."—ISAIAH

No. 38, Vol. XXXIII.

Tuesday, September 5, 1871.

Price One Penny.

REMARKS

BY PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG AT LOGAN, SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1871.

(Reported by Miss Julia Young.)

WHILE brother George A. Smith was referring to the circumstance of Wm. Miller going to Carthage, it brought to my mind reflections of the past. Perhaps to relate the circumstance as it occurred would be interesting.

I do not profess to be much of a joker, but I do think this to be one of the best jokes ever perpetrated. By the time we were at work in the Nauvoo Temple, officiating in the ordinances, the mob had learned that "Mormonism" was not dead, as they had supposed. We had completed the walls of the Temple, and the attic story from about half way up of the fine windows, in about fifteen months. It went up like magic, and we commenced officiating in the ordinances. Then the mob commenced to hunt for other victims; they had already killed the Prophets Joseph and Hyrum in Carthage jail, while under the pledge of the State for their safety, and now they wanted Brigham, the President of the Twelve Apostles, who were then acting as the Presidency of the Church.

I was in my room in the Temple; it was in the south-east corner of the upper story. I learned that a posse was lurking around the Temple, and that the United States Marshal was

waiting for me to come down, whereupon I knelt down and asked my Father in heaven, in the name of Jesus, to guide and protect me that I might live to prove advantageous to the Saints. Just as I arose from my knees and sat down in my chair, there came a rap at my door. I said, "Come in," and brother George D. Grant, who was then engaged driving my carriage and doing chores for me, entered the room. Said he, "Brother Young, do you know that a posse and the United States Marshal are here?" I told him I had heard so. On entering the room brother Grant left the door open. Nothing came into my mind what to do, until looking directly across the hall I saw brother William Miller leaning against the wall. As I stepped towards the door I beckoned to him; he came. Said I to him, "Brother William, the Marshal is here for me; will you go and do just as I tell you? If you will, I will serve them a trick." I knew that brother Miller was an excellent man, perfectly reliable and capable of carrying out my project. Said I, "Here, take my cloak," but it happened to be brother Hester C. Kimball's; our cloaks were alike in color, fashion and size. I

threw it around his shoulders, and told him to wear my hat and accompany brother George D. Grant. He did so. I said to brother Grant, "George, you step into the carriage and look towards brother Miller, and say to him, 'Are you ready to ride?' You can do this, and they will suppose brother Miller to be me, and proceed accordingly," which they did.

Just as brother Miller was entering the carriage, the Marshal stepped up to him, and, placing his hand upon his shoulder said, "You are my prisoner." Bro. Wm. entered the carriage and said to the Marshal, "I am going to the Mansion House, won't you ride with me?" They both went to the Mansion House. There were my sons Joseph A., Brigham, jun., and brother Heber C. Kimball's boys, and others who were looking on, and all seemed at once to understand and partake of the joke. They followed the carriage to the Mansion House and gathered around brother Miller, with tears in their eyes, saying, "Father, or President Young, where are you going?" Brother Miller looked at them kindly, but made no reply; and the Marshal really thought he had got "Brother Brigham."

Lawyer Edmonds, who was then staying at the Mansion House, appreciating the joke, volunteered to brother Miller to go to Carthage with him and see him safe through. When they arrived within two or three miles of Carthage, the Marshal with his posse stopped. They arose in their carriages, buggies, and waggon, and, like a tribe of Indians going into battle, or as if they were a pack of demons, yelling and shouting, they exclaimed, "we've got him! we've got him! we've got him!" When they reached Carthage the Marshal took the supposed Brigham into an upper room of the hotel, and placed a guard over him, at the same time telling those around that he had got him. Brother Miller re-

mained in the room until they bid him come to supper. While there, parties came in, one after the other, and asked for Brigham. Brother Miller was pointed out to them. So it continued, until an apostate Mormon, by the name of Thatcher, who had lived in Nauvoo, came in, sat down and asked the landlord where Brigham Young was. The landlord, pointing across the table to brother Miller, said, "That is Mr. Young." Thatcher replied, "Where? I can't see any one that looks like Brigham." The landlord told him it was that fat, fleshy man eating. "Ob, hell!" exclaimed Thatcher, "that's not Brigham, that is William Miller, one of my old neighbors." Upon hearing this the landlord went, and, tapping the sheriff on the shoulder, took him a few steps to one side and said "You have made a mistake, that is not Brigham Young. it is William Miller, of Nauvoo." The Marshal, very much astonished, exclaimed, "Good heavens! and he passed for Brigham." He then took brother Miller into a room, and turning to him said, "What in hell is the reason you did not tell me your name?" Brother Miller replied, "You have not asked me my name." "Well," said the Sheriff, with another oath, "What is your name?" "My name," he replied, "is William Miller." Said the Marshal, "I thought your name was Brigham Young. Do you say this for a fact?" "Certainly I do," said brother Miller. Then, said the Marshal, "why did you not tell me this before?" "I was under no obligations to tell you," replied brother Miller, "as you did not ask me." Then the Marshal, in a rage, walked out of the room, followed by brother Miller, who walked off in company with lawyer Edmonds, Sheriff Backenstos, and others, who took him across lots to a place of safety; and this is the real pith of the story of "Bogus" Brigham, as far as I can recollect.—*Deseret News*.

Happiness is having what one likes; contentment is liking what one has.

Self-help is the law of all successful life. Soul and body must earn health or else not have it. From this law men covet exemption, which is to covet so much death. There is a town in England where, owing to the number and wealth of charitable foundations, so many mouths are gratuitously fed, that it is stated the mass of the laboring population have sunk into apathetic sloth.]

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 557.]

Leaving Gamberriar we traveled through the gold mines one week and sold our books and tracts to the miners and preached to them the Gospel, and then came to a city called Windsor, situated on the Penreth River. As we had been traveling several days in the rain, and had been wet through every day, we were desirous of getting a place to stay in the suburbs of this city and recruit ourselves and clean up before commencing our labors in the ministry. We tried twelve times to stay all night, but were refused very abruptly each time. We found that a parson of the Church of England had gone before us, and had warned the people that the Mormon Elders were coming, and they must shut their doors against them. It was now nine o'clock at night, and was raining very hard. We walked up Main street in this city, and were so wet, tired, and hungry, that we could but just walk. We had traveled twenty-four miles that day, with but very little food to eat, and our boots worn out and our feet scalded with the water and blistered very badly. In those circumstances my companion said to me, with tears in his eyes,

"Is it possible that the Lord has forsaken us, and will suffer us to die in the streets of this city?"

I said to him, "Brother John Said," for that was his name, "this is a trial of our faith, and after the bitter then comes the sweet."

While we were thus conversing, I looked ahead some distance, and saw a confectioner's shop with the door open. I said to my companion "we will try to stay there." As we drew near to the place we saw a man come out of the shop and walk into the middle of the street. He came down the street towards us. He and I met first, as I was in advance of my companion, and said: "Good evening, friends. I have been waiting for you some time. What has made you so late?" As I answered his questions I drew close to him, and looked him in the face, to see if I could recognise him; but I could not.

He asked: "Where are you going to stop to-night?"

I said: "We do not know."

He then put his hand into his pocket and gave me some money, and went to my companion and did the same; and then said:

"Boys, do you see that large four-storey house on the corner?"

We replied that we did.

"Well," said he, "you go there and tell the landlord that you have been sent there to occupy the green room to-night, and he will conduct you to it, and give you all the accommodation that he can afford."

After saying this the stranger left us, and passed on out of our sight in the dark. We then proceeded to the house, and found all things as the stranger represented. The landlord conducted us to the green room, it was in the fourth storey of the house, and while going up the long stairs my companion said to me, "Stop!" I stopped, and he said in a low voice, "I fear that this is a plan laid to destroy us."

I told him not to fear, for we had suffered enough, and the Lord was about to bless us. Arrived at the room we found it a beautiful place, but we were not fit tenants for such a fine room, as our clothing was wet through and muddy. We found everything as the stranger who met us in the street had told us. There was dry clothing for us to put on, and a good bed to sleep in, and the landlord sent us up a warm supper. We then looked at the money that the man gave us in the street and found it to be English money of the denominations ranging from a crown down to the smallest coin in silver, and what seemed strange to us was that both of us had the same amount and pieces just alike; the man seemed to have a pocket nearly full of money, and it was dark when he gave it to us. After supper we went to bed and had a good night's rest and pleasant dreams. The next morning we got up and partook of the hospitalities of the house and asked the landlord our bill. He answered

that "there was no charge," so we went on our way rejoicing.

We spent a few days in this city, and preached and sold our books, and had a good time with the people. I baptized one man and his family; the man had been a Methodist preacher, and I ordained him an Elder, and he commenced preaching the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints. While traveling in this city I called at a public house to distribute our books. I found two American men there, and when they heard me say I was an American, they asked me if I was a Mormon preacher. I said, "Yes, sir." "Well," said one of them, "you must have something to drink with me as you are a fellow-countryman of mine." I told him that I did not drink spirituous liquors of any kind, but he insisted that I must take some wine with him. So he went into another room, as he said, to get some wine out of the cellar. I was showing my books to several in the room when he returned with the glasses of wine, and presented one of them to me and requested me to drink with him. I could see by the man's countenance that he had done something wrong, so I told him that I should not drink the wine in the glass that he offered me, but if he would change glasses and give me the one that he was going to drink, I would drink it if he would drink the one he offered me. He then flew into a rage, for he knew that I had detected his design to try to poison me. I had overheard him say, while he was gone after the wine, that "the Mormon priests say that poison will not hurt them, but I will show you that I will make one of them ache." He also said that he was one of the party that shot Joseph Smith at Carthage jail. He took one of my books and said that I should not have it again if I did not drink the wine that he gave me. I stepped to the door and saw two policemen passing and called to them. They came to my assistance, and I told them my story. They hunted for the man to take him, but he was not to be found. The next day my companion went to a farm house a few miles from the city to distribute some tracts and books and found one of those Americans there. When he left the house this

stranger followed him with his Minnie-rifle, and remarked that he had a contract to kill all of the Mormon Elders that he could find, and when he had said those words he drew his rifle to his face, and said, "Here goes for the first one," and fired; the bullet passed within a few inches of my comrade's head. This vile murderer was so close to him that he did not take close sight on his gun. When he found that he had not hit him, he commenced loading his piece again, but by the time he had got his gun loaded my partner was nearly a quarter of a mile distant. The ruffian gave chase, and when he came to within about one hundred yards he took a rest on a stump and fired. But the bullet whistled near by and missed again. The assassin then gave up the chase and went back.

My companion was called to Sidney on business, and I, being left to travel alone for a few weeks, started on a tour through the country to sell our books. While traveling I met with an adventure at a large tavern called the Half-way House, kept by a Roman Catholic. This house was situated half way between Penrith and Bathurst cities. When I called at this house the landlord was away from home, but his wife was there and I showed her my books, some of which she purchased; and as dinner was nearly ready I was invited to stay and get dinner. While I was having a good discussion on the Scriptures, the master of the house came home, and brought with him a Catholic priest. The woman showed the priest the books that she had bought, and he gave her a severe reprimand for taking them, and then turned to me and said that I was an infernal heretic, and ought to be burned at the stake and killed. The master of the house partook of the same murderous spirit, and remarked that he would set his dogs on me and tear me to pieces; while he was whipping his wife I stepped out and started. This was in a very heavy timbered country, and I did not follow the road, for I knew that he would follow me, and if he found me that he would do something desperate if he could. I had been traveling about half-an-hour when I heard the sound of the large hounds

and bull dogs on my track. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind in a short time, and I imagined perhaps that I should never see my aged mother again; but then the thought came to me that President Heber C. Kimball had prophesied on my head that I should live to fill my mission and return again to the bosom of the Church. I then tried to climb up a tree, but the bark was so smooth that I could not climb it, and by this time the dogs had come in sight, and I could hear a man's voice urging them on. While in this situation I called on the Lord for help, and my prayer was heard; for as the dogs came near me a large kangaroo crossed my track in full speed, and the dogs, seeing it, turned square about and went after the animal and did not see me at all. I then turned and went to the road, but my troubles were not yet ended. The dogs had gone out of hearing, but the man had discovered that the dogs were after the animal and tried to call them back, but could not; so he came into the road to hunt for me. I heard a rough voice calling after me, and I looked back in the road and saw a man coming on a run carrying a large club in his hand. He swore bitterly, and said as he had caught me now he would use me up with that club. I could see that he was possessed of a spirit to kill, so I walked up to him and offered him my hand, with the remark that I wanted to talk with him a short time before he carried his threat into execution. I said, "Sir, I am an American, and I have come here thousands of miles to do you and others good," and then, to draw his attention, I told him that there were many Irish people in America, and some of them were very wealthy, and they built our railroads, and made the best soldiers, and more than that, when the famine was raging in Ireland the Americans sent several ship loads of flour and bread-stuff to them, and did not charge them one cent for them. By this time he dropped his club and we walked along together until we came on the hill within sight of the city Paramatta. He stopped, and we talked a short time, and he confessed to me that he intended, when he came up to me, to

have killed me with the club, but he was glad now that he did not strike me with it. He shook hands with me and started back home. Little did he think that it was an over-ruling providence that stayed his hand that he was not permitted to strike with the club. Here I joined my companion again, and we started on a tour through the country.

The Island of Australia abounds in many parts with wild cattle. As we were traveling one day through the woods on an old road not much used, all at once we heard a thundering sound behind us, and my partner, who was about one rod behind me, cried, "look out for wild cattle!" There was some fallen timber near by, and I ran and got up on a tree top, and then looked back to see where my companion was. I saw that he was in danger and I ran to his assistance, but before I could reach him a wild bull had caught him and thrown him on his horns; but he had no sooner struck the ground than he sprang to his feet again. The bull came a second time, and my companion caught him by the horns, and was thrown again, this time alighting in a tree top, where the animal did not attempt to follow him, but turned around at me as I was belaboring him with a club. When I saw that he turned on me I felt my first fear of being hurt. There was a tree about three rods distant from me. I thought if I could get to it I could save myself by dodging the bull, so I started to run to the tree, the bull close after me with his head down ready to hook on the first touch of his horns. Quite faint I soon succeeded in reaching the tree and whirled myself around it. The bull threw up his head and snorted and passed on. About this time my companion rose up out of the tree top where the bull had thrown him, and called to me "has he got you?" I answered, "No, sir, it takes a smarter bull than that to catch me on a fair race." I then went to my partner to see if he was hurt, and found that all the bruise or hurt that he had received was in the palms of his hands, caused by the taking hold of the bull's horns to save himself.

THE NOVEL-READING DISEASE.

Physicians are familiar with a complaint which, although sufficiently specific, has yet no name of its own. The patient suffers from an alarming and morbid thirst, and consumes a perfectly fabulous amount of fluid, almost always of an unwholesome nature. Tea in a highly dilute shape, *eau sucrée*, raspberry vinegar and water, soda water, or some other such abominable mess, is taken by the gallon, and the unnatural craving is stimulated by indulgence. Wholesome food is refused; no exercise is taken; and the patient finally sinks into a flabby and sickly condition, which nothing but severe and determined treatment will shake off. This dropsical habit of body finds its exact analogue in the species of mental dropsey which is produced by over-indulgence in three-volumed novels. This terrible complaint is one of the worst evils which modern civilisation has brought with it. Its progress is gradual, very insidious, and often almost imperceptible. At first, all that is noticed is that the sufferer is apt to be found bent over a novel at unnatural hours—as, say, in the early morning, or in the middle of a beautiful summer's afternoon. Soon, however, the disease becomes more pronounced, and in its worst stages novels are got through at the rate of three or four, or even five, a week, or at an average, in a severe and chronic case, of some two hundred and fifty or three hundred a year. At first some discrimination is exercised, and one writer is, perhaps, preferred to another—Mr. Trollope, say, to Mrs. Ross Church, or “Ouida” to the author of “Guy Livingstone.” Very soon, however, the taste becomes deadened and blunted, and all power of distinction and appreciation is lost. In this case the unhappy patient can no more go without her novel than can a confirmed dipsomaniac without his dram. The smaller circulating libraries, which lend out very second-hand novels indeed, at a penny a volume, are put under contribution, and any amount of garbage is swallowed wholesale. Quality is held absolutely of no importance, and quantity is everything. The

very process of reading becomes more or less mechanical, and seems to afford a species of mechanical pleasure or satisfaction, a novel of the feeblest possible type being read as religiously from cover to cover, and yielding apparently as much enjoyment as if it were a second “Romola.” It is no uncommon thing for a young lady, in whom the complaint has assumed a chronic form, to have read the whole of Scott, the whole of Thackeray, the whole of Dickens, the whole of Trollope, the whole of Annie Thomas, the whole of Mrs. Ross Church, the whole of Miss Braddon, the whole of Lawrence, and, into the bargain, some four or five hundred other novels by less famous hands. When the disease is thus confirmed, the dropsical habit of mind becomes apparent. The conversation of the patient becomes flabby and limp. Her interest in all other subjects—except, perhaps, the latest fashions, or the more scandalous portions of evidence in the Tichborne case, or the marriage of the Princess Beatrice—flickers feebly in the socket, and finally dies out. The last stage—that of absolute imbecility—is now, unless very powerful remedies are exhibited, a mere matter of time.

So much for the symptoms or diagnosis of the disease. Its prognosis depends greatly upon the natural constitution of the patient; but is, as a rule, unfavorable. Even where vigorous treatment has been adopted, and has apparently effected a radical cure, there is always danger of a serious relapse. And even if the cure be permanent, the patient is none the less permanently enfeebled, and will always remain incapable of any severe or protracted mental exertion. It is, indeed, upon the whole, unwise to encourage delusive hopes of a complete cure. The disease is as obscure, as insidious, and as little capable of control, as is softening of the brain itself; and it is doubtful whether we ever do more than for a while to arrest its course. What is most sad, is the self-deception of the patient herself, which is very analogous to that of the habitual drunkard. She is, as

a rule, perfectly convinced that her evil habit is under her own control; that she could, if she chose, begin tomorrow, and never open a novel again. She is, indeed, fruitful in such good resolutions; but, if any attempt is made to secure total abstinence even for a day, she will resort to subterfuges as pitiful as those to which a dipsomaniac will have recourse if deprived of his accustomed dram, and will tell any falsehoods, or use any evasion, rather than struggle with the cravings of her diseased appetite. In such hopeless cases, even the most judicious firmness is of very little avail.

It is curious and interesting to observe that as this comparatively new female disease has grown more virulent and intense, the old disease of scandal talking has become comparatively rare. It is, of course, physically difficult to talk scandal and to read a novel at one and the same time. Our grandmothers used to devote three or four hours every day to discussing the virtues and vices of absent friends over a dish of tea. Our sisters loll in American chairs, and listlessly turn over a third volume; and the concentrated and slightly venomous interest which used to be excited by the peccadilloes of some half-dozen neighbors is now languidly diffused over the doings of some four or five hundred washy creations of a washy imagination. It is, of course, possible, nay, even probable, that, were novel-reading sternly repressed, scandal and gossip would revive. Were

it not for this consideration, it is an open question whether the novel traffic ought not to be dealt with as stringently as Mr. Bruce proposes to deal with the liquor traffic; whether it would not be well to enable the rate-payers of a district to limit the number of the circulating libraries, or even to close them altogether; and to place the "habitual" novel reader under some such paternal restraint as that to which Dr. Dalrymple wishes to subject an "habitual drunkard."

It is too clear, unfortunately, why it is that so many women waste their time and rot their minds. They read novels, exactly as some young men smoke and drink bitter beer, for sheer want of something to do. What a woman needs is an education which shall enable her to read and follow the Parliamentary debates instead of the police and divorce reports; and, when women are thus educated, then feeble novels and feeble novelists will vex our souls no longer to the horrible extent to which they irritate us at present. Of such an education we may say that it is not to be got in books, unless, indeed, books can give sound, healthy common sense, and wholesome interest in common subjects. But men can give it by making the women of their family their companions; and that they should neglect to give it, shows, after all, how inveterately deep-seated is the extraordinary notion that the intellectual difference between men and women is one of kind and not of degree.—*Examiner*.

When Mr. Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father's being gained. This Mr. Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady to ask for it herself. "We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back."—"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her round, the delighted suitor read these words, "With the author's compliments."

FIFTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of the right and wrong, and judge people accordingly. It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyments of others by our own; to expect other people to see with our eyes; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield in immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowance for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1871.

SUGGESTIONS.

However indifferent the world may be in regard to our views of the Gospel, it all the while remains obligatory upon each of us as Saints to wisely and diligently labor for the spread of its life-giving principles, that the largest number, who will, may share in its blessings. This remark is particularly applicable to the Elders sent from Zion, who have had a broader experience, and are upon special missions to proclaim the principles of eternal life. This duty requires constant faithfulness, diligence and vigilance, and more or less of varying from certain routine habits naturally fallen into when the Elders from Utah were more numerous. When the Conferences were smaller, and had one or more Traveling Elders in all of much size, it was, perhaps, proper for the Conference President to spend a good share of his time in the conference house and vicinity. Now the areas of the Conferences are in most cases much larger, and the force from Utah allows of Travelling Elders in but four of the Conferences in the British Isles.

But alight reflection upon these points will enable the Conference Presidents to see the propriety of their so arranging affairs as to be able to be in the field, like Traveling Elders, as much as possible; and that too as well in Conferences where there are one or more Traveling Elders, for those Conferences require the extra aid allowed to them in those Elders. It may often happen, and doubtless will, that to accomplish this object the President will not be able to make a full circuit in time to return and make out his monthly report and overlook matters; nor is it necessary that he be able to do so, for he can leave off at any point he may deem best, and then begin where he left off, and so continue until he completes the round.

Again, in making their circuits, it seems to be advisable for both the Presidents and Travelling Elders to deviate from the old well-beaten or routine paths from Branch to Branch as much as prudence and the Spirit may direct, for in so doing they travel over new ground, have chances for meeting other people, and are thus in the way of increased opportunities for doing good, whether those they meet hear or forbear. And in order to increase life and energy in the Branches, it is a good plan, when circumstances will warrant, for the Branch Presidents to exchange with each other at their regular Sunday meetings, for that will give variety to both speakers and hearers, and be instrumental in infusing new interest where dullness is striving for a foothold.

It is taken for granted, with a trust that it is true, that out-door preaching is attended to to the full extent that opportunities and the weather may permit and the Spirit direct, at all times in wisdom and wisely conducted.

The small-pox having attacked my son, Brigham W., on the 1st ult., and

then brother Reynolds on the 27th, while he was visiting the Saints in the Manchester Conference, has prevented our traveling as much as anticipated ; but we hope brother Reynolds's speedy recovery of health, for which the faith and prayers of the Saints are solicited, will soon afford the desired opportunity to such extent and at such times as may best promote the cause of truth to the utmost the Lord may see proper to give ability and bless our efforts.

ARRIVAL.—Elder James Gale arrived in Liverpool on the 3rd inst., on the steamship *Wyoming*, after a speedy and pleasant trip from his home in Ogden. He left here on the 4th to visit his relatives, the purpose of his journey to England, and expects to return with the company that will go on the 18th of October.

CORRECTION.—In STAR 34, page 543, at the end of the 32nd line in "A Dream," for "went" read "wait."

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA.

Ogden, August 15, 1871.

President Albert Carrington.

My dear Friend—I had a very agreeable time in crossing the sea and on the railroad. I was at Salt Lake City not long since and saw your folks, they were all well and doing well. Everything is very quiet in Utah at present ; times are rather dull in and around Ogden, not much money stirring, and not much being done in the mining business ; there is no doubt a great deal of mineral wealth in this vicinity, but it will take capital to get it out. There has been a large quantity of grain raised in this region, but the grasshoppers are destroying much of the Indian corn, and are laying their eggs pretty much all over this northern country.

Silver mines are being opened up quite extensively in Salt Lake County and in the southern part of the Territory, and there are several from abroad looking for mineral wealth. We had an unusually quiet election, with but very little opposition. Those who come here to establish so-called civilization as it exists in the world, do not meet with much success ; some of them are becoming discouraged, and are giving up the idea of ever bringing the "Mormons" to their standard of Christianity. The Federal officers seem to be very quiet at present ;

what will next turn up to create an excitement among those who have come here to make us trouble I cannot tell, but I can say that those who are laboring to hinder the building up of the kingdom of God and to bring trouble upon the Saints will fail in their purpose, and will reap the reward of the wicked. I can see that the kingdom of God is gradually gaining ground, while the righteous among the Saints are gaining in wisdom and knowledge, and are qualifying themselves for the future work of God. There are a few who turn aside from the truth and join the ranks of its enemies, but their race will be short.

I trust that the Elders are blessed in their labors in bringing some to the knowledge of the truth, and that a goodly number of the Saints will have the privilege of gathering home. There does not seem to be much doing at present by way of the P. E. Fund to emigrate the poor, but I think there will be quite an effort this Fall. I saw brother Staines, and also brother Searls (the President of the Williamsburgh Branch), to see if they could do anything by way of getting places and labor for those Saints that could only raise means to come as far as New York. I investigated the matter pretty thoroughly, and came to the conclusion that it would not be policy for any of the Saints to come only to New York

or the States, unless they had friends or means to keep them until they could get employment. Brother Staines was quite willing to do all he could to help the poor Saints to get into business, but the chances are very slim, as there are so many emigrants constantly coming in and seeking employment.

With kind regards to yourself, brothers Carlson, Reynolds, Brigham W., Robert, and all at "42," and ever praying the Lord to bless you with a goodly portion of his Spirit, that you may accomplish a good work and have much joy in your labors and return home to the society of your family and friends whom you love so well, I remain your friend and brother in the Gospel,
 LORIN FARR.

Castle Gardens,
 New York, August 22, 1871.
 President Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—Our company of Saints arrived here yesterday, 21st, at 3, p.m., having made the trip in 12 days. We had pleasant weather all the way, and very little sea-sickness. During the voyage we had prayers morning and evening, held meetings on the Sabbath as usual, and kept a strict night guard. Much credit is due to the officers of the *Minnesota* for their uniform kindness. Thus far we have had no trouble with our luggage, and we have it all checked, and will all leave here this afternoon for Ogden and Salt Lake City.

I am glad in having the privilege of again putting my feet upon American soil, and I trust the day is not far distant when all the faithful of God's people will be gathered home to the chambers of Utah. I hope you will permit me, through the columns of the "Star," to bid my native land adieu, and to return my thanks to the many kind friends and acquaintances who treated me, while on my mission, with every mark of kindness; and I hope, with the blessing of God, I will be enabled to reciprocate the kindness I have received, and I pray that our Heavenly Father will hasten on the day when his chosen will be gathered home, that they may enjoy the blessings He has in store for those who do right.

Please remember me to all at "42,"

in which brothers Staines, Eldredge, Taylor, and Noble join.

Your brother in the Gospel,
 WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

London, Aug. 22, 1871.

President Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother—I have visited nearly all the Saints and Branches in the Kent District since brother George Barton left, and I find that the Saints in general are a good people and striving to live right and gather with the Saints in Zion. They are mostly poor, and depend upon their brethren in Utah for deliverance. Some feel much poorer than they really are, for they have little or no faith in God. They do not pay anything towards the support of this work, for fear they should starve or lack a meal, as though the Lord could not bless them according to the sacrifice they made. They forget that the Lord says, by the mouth of David, "Gather my Saints together who have made covenants with me by sacrifice." Some are alive to all the promises, and I wish all of them were, for surely the Lord will not be mocked in the last days, for He says that He will gather His Saints, and those who are striving to be Saints will most assuredly be gathered to the land of Zion. The Prophet Isaiah says that the old, the young, the deaf, blind and lame, shall come, a great company, with songs of everlasting joy.

I find that there seems to be a rejoicing among the outsiders that there are not many Saints in the towns, villages and hamlets; they do not comprehend that they are rejoicing at their sure destruction, for when the salt is gathered out from among the people, how shall they be preserved? The Saints who are scattered through the nations preserve them as long as they remain, but woe unto the nations when all the Saints are gathered out, for their destruction swiftly cometh. I also find in some places a disposition in the Elders to go out and preach to the people, and a disposition in the people to hear, and a few are being baptized, but not many, for it is as the Lord said, "one of a family and two of a city," or as "the gleanings of grapes after the vintage is done,"

because they do not love the truth. There are some who are ashamed to let any one know that they are Latter-day Saints, and do not let their light shine, and it seems to me that the little light they have is going out; they are neither hot nor cold.

I shall start this week around the Essex District, and expect to hold meetings whenever I can get the Saints together; they are now very busily engaged in harvesting, and cannot attend week-night meetings in the country. Wherever I have traveled the Saints have treated me very kindly, and have been glad to see me and hear my counsel.

Praying God to bless you in your labors, and Brother Reynolds, and all in the Office, and all the Saints, and with kind love to all, I remain your brother in the covenant of peace,

RALPH HARRISON.

Nottingham, August 28, 1871.
President Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—This is the first time that time and convenience have afforded me the pleasure of penning a few lines to you since your return to "42." When I look back upon the time you were absent from this Mission during my ministerial labors in this country, it appears more like a dream than a reality. I took great pleasure in laboring under your auspicious care and guidance up to the time you left for home, and like pleasure followed me through the wise administration of President Eldredge, he also being a man I much esteem, always full of wise and timely counsel; I cannot speak in too high terms of him; now he is among the Saints in the Valleys of Ephraim, and you are again here manifesting the same fatherly care you formerly did. I also feel the same interest in the great Latter-day work that I endeavored to manifest while you were here before, and the same willingness to sustain you now that I felt then.

At or about the time you left, according to your appointment, I changed from the Durham and Newcastle Conference to the Nottingham, where I have labored with exceeding joy and with comparative satisfaction. Not thinking that I "knew it all," I have

sought the assistance of the Holy Spirit and of those appointed to labor with me, also of the local Priesthood, believing "in a multitude of counsel there was safety," and the effect has been a peaceable, good time, bringing in at each and every instance a desirable result.

We have done our best, according to our knowledge, experience, and means, to place our principles before the world, not entirely without effect, for we have had the pleasure of baptizing about sixty since I came into this Conference. Of course here, as in all other places, we do not meet with that success that we could wish, or that the importance of our principles demands, yet we do not feel discouraged, as we have no thought of being privileged to convince everybody at present, but we will faithfully do our duty towards all, and leave the event in the hands of the Lord.

We did not find the Saints in a state of perfection, nor did we expect to; neither do we see the propriety of cutting them off because they are not as yet quite perfect. Our Saviour said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy;" and knowing that we also have failings we reasonably expect to need mercy from those over us; also knowing that He has said, "as you measure, so shall it be measured to you again," we have reason to believe that if we are kind and considerate with those placed under our watch and care, that He will be kind and considerate with us, and deal with mercy and kindness, but if we deal harshly, we may expect like treatment; "as you sow, so you shall reap."

We have to deal with people according to their several abilities to perform and the circumstances under which they are placed, or, in other words, according to their former tuition. "As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined" is very applicable to the human family; we have both sorrowful and joyful examples of this every day. As I am led to fully realize these things as they come before me, I can be more merciful and make greater allowance than I could if all had been raised under the influence of the Gospel, and associated with a people that dislike anything that is evil or injurious. But no one

on account of this view of the subject should therefrom take license to sin, or imagine that sin can be persisted in with impunity. It is stated that "every spirit begets its like," so when one brother meets another with a spiteful and unmerciful feeling, he may expect to meet a stubborn resistance, and thus both become offenders; and, instead of convincing the erring one of his fault, he may drive him farther into it. When we go with a kindly spirit we are likely to beget a spirit of reason and kindness, and soon the error is seen and a reconciliation accomplished, and that too without robbing justice.

"Anger and pride are both unwise;
Vinegar never catches flies."

We are but children in the Gospel; some are of longer standing than the others; some have had better opportunities to learn than others. If we were all gifted alike, those who have had the best chance to learn should learn the fastest or the most in the same length of time, therefore we could not require as much from those with inferior opportunities. But neither our chances or capacities are equal, wherefore the wisdom of that saying, "where there is but little given there is little required, and where there is much given there is much required."

It is the disposition and will that are to be considered, not alone what is done, therefore when I meet with one disposed to do good, willing to acknowledge follies when shown in kindness, I respect that individual.

We are holding our out-door meetings with good attendance and attentive listeners, though to a great extent they are like those spoken of by the Apostle: "They have eyes, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; they have hearts, but they do not understand;" but on we go, doing the best we can for all.

Brother Fairbanks is alive to his duties, and is one with us in doing good, and is a faithful advocate of the Gospel truths, both by precept and example.

All join in sending love to yourself and all at "42." May the Lord bless Israel. Yours in the Gospel,

GEO. H. PETERSON.

Liverpool, August 31, 1871.

President Carrington.

Dear Brother—Having been released to return to the gathering place of the Saints on the 6th of September, I feel to thank President Eldredge and yourself for the good advice and fatherly counsels to me while I have been in this my Native Land lifting up my warning voice to its people; and I feel thankful for the confidence you have placed in me, and I pray God my eternal Father that I may have His Spirit to enable me to take that course that I may always have the confidence of the prophets and apostles and servants of the true and living God, for taking such a course will result in eternal life, while on the other hand are misery and death.

I have labored in these lands with much satisfaction in company with brother George Lake, my predecessor, also with brother James A. Leishman, my successor in the Durham and Lancashire Conference. We have labored unitedly, and the local Priesthood have been united to us, and God has blessed our labors. Since last December 106 have been added to our numbers by baptizing, through the blessing of God. Truly I have witnessed the power and blessing of God all the day long. This has been a school of experience to me during the short time I have been here. The blessings pronounced on my head by yourself, when setting me apart for this Mission, have been fulfilled to the very letter, and I can testify to all the world that God has prophets and apostles on the earth today as well as in the days of Moses, or a Peter or John; this I know through obedience to the Gospel and believing its principles. This all men can know if they will obey the testimony of the living God. I feel to thank God for ability to truthfully bear this testimony. As I am about to leave the shores of the land that gave me birth, and return to my mountain home and family and friends in Utah, I feel to say to all the Saints of the Durham and Newcastle Conference, a good-by for a little season, and God bless you all.

My brethren and sisters, I thank you for your many acts of kindness to me while I have labored in your midst,

and where I may have erred in anything it has not been through a desire to do wrong, for I feel that I have tried to save all and do all the good I could, and as little harm. My brethren and sisters, be faithful to the covenants that you have made with the Lord, save your means and put it in the Emigration Fund as you have been counseled, and you will soon get to Zion, for the Lord will help those that faithfully help themselves, so, let it be ever so little, show that you wish to get away. And while you are doing your best to save means to emigrate, remember your tithing and your offerings, and God will multiply blessings upon your heads. Observing

these principles it will save and exalt both you and me in the kingdom of God.

I pray God to bless you all. Remember the teachings you have heard and may hear from time to time. May the blessing of God rest and abide with brother Leishman and with all my fellow-laborers in the kingdom of God, both at home and abroad, that we may be united, that the power and blessing of God may be with us all, that when our labors are ended in this time we may all be saved and exalted in the kingdom of our God. I remain, your brother and fellow-laborer in the work of God,

JOHN I. HART.

GENERAL BUTLER INTERVIEWED.

A special correspondent of the *Alta California* has been interviewing Gen. B. F. Butler at Boston upon Utah matters. According to the correspondent General Butler is in favor of enforcing the law of 1864 against polygamy—he meant, we presume, the law of 1862. Congress had settled by that law, he thought, that polygamy must be abolished. After conversing awhile upon this point, the subject of California having a currency distinct from the rest of the Union came under discussion, and General Butler said respecting this, in reply to remarks of the correspondent, that

"The Constitution of the United States may not admit of a passage of a general divorce law, or any law governing the domestic relations, but it *does* provide, without question, for the establishment of the coin or currency of the country. This has been provided by law, and no State has a right to reject it. She does herself an injury, isolates herself from the common sisterhood. Technically, California, is guilty of the same kind of a breach of covenant as the community of Salt Lake."

General Butler's remarks here quoted concede the whole of the points contended for by the people of Utah. He admits that the Constitution of the United States may not admit of the

passage of a general divorce law, or any law governing the domestic relations! This is precisely the ground assumed by the people of Utah with this difference only, that instead of the words *may not* which he uses, they would use the words *does not*. But, taking his own words, how stands the law of 1862 touching polygamy? No one will for a moment dispute that if the Constitution may not admit of the passage of a general divorce law, or any law governing domestic relations, the passage of the anti-polygamy law of 1862 must be unconstitutional. Would he enforce a law which is, or even may be unconstitutional? When he places "the community of Salt Lake" upon the same footing as California in being equally guilty of a breach of covenant, he errs; for, according to his own showing, California has rejected a law of Congress which that body had a constitutional right to enact, which "the community of Salt Lake" has never done.

The conversation again turned upon the affairs of Utah, and the correspondent gave his views and Gen. Butler gave his; but as they were both evidently ignorant of the questions discussed, there was only one remark elicited worthy of comment. The correspondent asked the question whether it would not be possible to confiscate

the property of Brigham Young. Gen. Butler replied, "Possibly, if he should commit any overt act; but he has always been shrewd enough to avoid open rebellion."

If Gen. Butler waits for the overt act to be committed before confiscation shall be commenced, he will not live long enough to witness or hear of it. President Brigham Young and many of his people have been driven from their homes and robbed of nearly all they possessed five times before

coming to these mountains, and those who plundered them did not wait for an "overt act" to be committed. It is a new reason to render for the non-confiscation of the property of "Mormons" to say that they have not committed such an act. The world is surely progressing, for there was a time when acts of this kind could be manufactured to form a pretext for robbery and violence of the most shameful character.—*Deseret News*.

IT MUST BE DONE.

Then why do we delay? What must be done, or what ought to be done? We ought to live according to the laws of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and must, if ever we are to hope for a perfection in our natures, or for enjoyment in the presence of God, or even of good men; and has not this society a charm? To me it has. The day of necessity will come, when we shall wish, and wish, if we are wanting in perfection, that it were not so with us, and shall be condemned, and it will be clearly known that we had neglected to live by the laws of Jesus or of God, and it will be a disgrace and dishonor to us, but an honor and great reward if we are diligent in our observance of them.

We are now being tried; we now have great privileges given unto us, we have a day of great opportunities, and who will forget the present and languish like the thirsty plant in the future? He who neglects to school himself, who denies himself in nothing, who is selfish, who pets each carnal appetite, each lust, who is gluttonous and a drinker of strong drinks, who wastes time as though it were tiresome or valueless, who is slothful, quick to do evil, and slow to do good.

What a darkness we are in, but for God's laws where else can we go for light? without what cavil! what a murmuring! what a want!

BATT.

Finchley.

UTAH NEWS.

The following are from the *Deseret News* to August 16—

The members of the Female Relief Society in Moroni occupy their spare time in making cloth and clothing.

The returns throughout Utah show that the general August election passed quietly and with but little opposition.

The past summer has been the hottest experienced in Southern Utah since its settlement, causing an increased amount of sickness.

The crops are reported excellent throughout Sanpete County, a pleasing contrast when they had been so often and thoroughly destroyed by the 'hoppers.

KANE COUNTY.—D. B. Fackrell, writing from Mount Carmel, under date of July 19, says: "Our early crops were all destroyed by grasshoppers, and part of those planted late shared the same fate. The portion left looks well. On account of the drought the grass on the range has partially dried up, causing a considerable falling off of dairy produce.

PORTAGE.—Brother John D. Gibbs, of Portage, Malad Valley, writes—
“We have very little grain this season, owing to the ravages of grasshoppers and crickets, and on account of the drought hay is exceedingly scarce. Many of the brethren have engaged in the freighting business and other employments in order to obtain breadstuffs. This retards considerably the progress of improvements. The *Weekly News* comes to hand about every Thursday and is always welcomed.”

The following are from the *Salt Lake Herald* to August 17—

There were no new cases of small-pox in Utah at latest dates.

It is said excellent fire clay has been discovered at Wood's Cross, Davis County.

Large quantities of wire and insulators were arriving at Salt Lake City for the extension of the “Deseret Telegraph” lines.

UTAH SOUTHERN.—Yesterday afternoon, Aug. 15, on invitation of Superintendent F. Little, we accompanied a few of the officers of the road, and a small party of ladies and gentlemen, on a run over the Utah Southern Railroad to the end of the track. The line passes through the most beautiful part of the valley south of the city, through the heart of the meadow and farming land. The beautiful green of the newly mown meadows and the growing crops was a great relief from the dry and dusty streets of our city. The road is graded as far as Dry Creek, and the track laid as far as the elevated ground just this side of that point, about twelve and a half miles from the city. Here it is calculated to make the freight and passenger depots for Big and Little Cottonwood on the east, and for Bingham on the west. This point is about four miles west of the present transfer station for the Little Cottonwood mines. Extensive switches and depot buildings, we understand, are to be erected here immediately, so that so soon as the road can be made to the mouth of Cottonwood, the ores from the canon can be shipped by rail. The road is well built, and the cars run over it very smoothly indeed. The car in which the party rode had an observation top, the view from which was most delightful.

ARRIVAL OF EMIGRANTS.—A company of English emigrants arrived at Ogden yesterday afternoon (August 16) at half-past two o'clock, and came down to the city last night by the regular evening train. They were met at Ogden by Presidents B. Young and Geo. A. Smith, and quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from Salt Lake, who went up in the afternoon in a special car on invitation of President Young. This company, consisting of ninety-three persons, left Liverpool on the 26th of July, and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived in New York on the 7th of August, and left for the west the next day. The trip across the country was very pleasant considering the heat of the weather. The company enjoyed very good health during the trip, there being no sickness worth naming except sea-sickness. Several who commenced the trip in a feeble state of health are now quite strong. The company was in charge of Elder Lot Smith, who returns from his two years' European mission in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits. The following returning missionaries came with the company:—Elders John Jaques, Albert Dewey, Joseph Argyle, A. P. Shumway, and D. M. Stuart who joined at Omaha.

Elder George W. Groo crossed the ocean with the company, but remained in the east to visit his relatives.

COOL BRAVERY.—Charles XII., King of Sweden, was a remarkably brave man. One day when he was dictating letters to his secretary, a bomb fell through the roof, and into the next room of the house where they were sitting. The secretary, terrified lest the house should be blown down upon them, dropped his pen out of his hand.

“What is the matter?” asked the king calmly. “Ah! sire, the bomb,” stammered the secretary. “And what has the bomb got to do with what I am dictating to you?” said the king. “Continue.”